




[Private] Well, honestly, the answer to that question is *no.*



Chaz

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MOOD: 😞 drained

MUSIC: Crooked Still - Did You Sleep Well?

I didn't go to work today.

I am getting better at looking normal, anyway. I'm pretty sure nobody--not even Daphs, and I swear I can feel her watching me--figured out that the reason I keep bringing in piles of food is because I make it and then half the time I can't eat the stuff. I'm fine, mostly, until I pay attention to it. If it's just fuel I can get it down. But if I think about it too much--

--at least that's intermittent now, instead of every damned time I try to put something solid in my mouth.

...I suspect I will never be able to look at a peanut butter sandwich again. Well, I guess I can survive on coffee-flavored energy drinks for the foreseeable future.

But that's not why I didn't go in today.

I went out last night after PT, train time. It didn't go so good. I always figured I might get myself shot one of these days, if I picked the wrong target. I *didn't* figure I'd find out something that would leave me curled up in a station corner shaking like a junkie and wishing myself invisible.

The things parents will do to their children. The things those kids will do to somehow make it all right. Is there a reset button on this fucking planet, please?

So no. No sleep. Didn't even try, spent the night on Azeroth. Called in and left a message on Mom's machine; told her I was working from home.

She called back to ask me what files I wanted emailed, and didn't

ask anything awkward.

Mom's all right that way.

Now I have to pull myself together to go meet Daphs and Tasha at the gym. There's not enough Rock Star in the world.

TAGS: gratitude (not), the new normal

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.

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